### A MAIDEN'S LIPS.

Onoday when Mother Nature
Was in a pleasant mood
She called about her Youth and Health
And others of her brood.
"My children, we have fashioned,
With all the arts we know,
The rose and all the fairest flowers
That in our garden grow.

"But I'm not satisfied, dears,
I have within my heart
The image of a fairer flower,
That calls for all our art.
Your skill and aid I need, dears,
Yours, Joy and Melody,
And Beauty, Youth and Sunshine too.
Come, now, and toil with me."

Long time they toiled, Dame Nature
And all her offspring too.
Their hearts and souls were in their task,
And fast the flowret grew.
Now Nature's fingers molded,
Now Laughter smoothed and curved
And brightened up some little spot
Her keen eyes had observed.

And Health and Youth and Sunshine
Their tribute deftly paid
Till Mistress Beauty took her turn,
And then the flower was made!
"There's not so sweet," cried Nature,
"A flower the wild bee sips.
We'll name it!" And the flowret
Was called—a maiden's lips.
—Boston Traveller.

## SHE WAS PRETTY.

I had stated my intention of going to see Miss Kitty clearly enough, but in doing so I had no very fixed idea as to what I should do when I did see her, and in fact I was entirely nonplused by the whole situation.

I determined to retire to my hammock and think over matters in general. As I lay there, swinging lightly over the water, and with the distant sound of the weir lulling my senses pleasantly, it is not to be wondered at that I fell into dreamy reverie.

Old half forgotten recollections came thronging upon me; of little flaxen haired Kitty, whom I used to torment and laughingly ask to be my little wifie, nearly a dozen years ago, when she was a little chit of 10; of her father, my old friend John Dobson, who used to say in his sober business way, "And so she shall be, Mildenhall, if I can help you, and you care to have her when she is grown up;" of that quaintly touching clause in poor Dobson's will by which he had done all that lay in his power to help me.

And I, engrossed in turning over money in the city, had clean forgotten all about her!

I was aroused by the sound of voices and looked round. There, in the very identical place where Mr. Bob Tyncker had done his extremely futile fishing in the morning, he and Kitty were sitting and talking.

"And so the old fellow—and a queer old fellow he is, too," Mr. Bob was saying, "will be round at the house this very afternoon to see about claiming your hand."

"I say, P[illegible] [illegible]oring." "I say, P[illegible] mischievously, "suppose he really wants to stick to his old idea of making you his little wife, eh? What shall you do then?"

"Oh, Bob, don't," said poor Kitty. "He has been such a bugbear to me lately that—that"—("that there is a danger of a young lady shedding tears at the very mention of his name," I thought to myself grimly, for Kitty did not seem to be able to complete the sentence herself).

"Never mind, Kitty," said poor Bob, hugging her tenderly. "I am a brute to have suggested such an idea. If he doesn't refuse to have you, why, you will just have to refuse him, you know, and that will bring the whole matter to the usual way of doing things, from a young lady point of view, you see."

"So it will," said Kitty, brightening up once more; "but, Bob, then the $25,000 will have to go to the Methodist chapel, and that is just the very thing that has been making uncle so terribly savage."

"Let him be," said Bob stoutly. "It won't hurt us after today; you will be free then, you see, and marry whoever you like. And we have plenty to set up housekeeping on between us, without the beastly money—let him be angry if he likes."

"And so he is, sir," shouted Mr. Dobson suddenly, poking his head over the top of the bank. "So he is! It would make a saint savage to be set at defiance in this way. I begin to think"——

"Stop!" I called out, rising hastily in my hammock.

Splish! Somebody had fallen into the water.

Me, by Jove, and so I began striking out lustily on all sides, with hands, feet, fingers, elbows—I cannot exactly call myself a swimmer—and getting my boots above water more frequently than my head, I am afraid, till I was suddenly grasped by the collar firmly.

"Keep cool," said my young friend Bob Tyncker authoritatively—for he it was—nimbly swimming on his back with two legs and one arm, and drawing me after him with the other. "Keep cool; I've got you all right!"

"Cool it is!" I thought to myself, my spirits reviving as I felt myself towed along—right across the river! For Bob, it seems, like a retriever—he certainly swam as well as one—would not condescend to lay me anywhere but at the very feet of his mistress.

"There at last! hurra"——

An overwhelming rush of water across my face cut short my self congratulation; I was fairly under, in fact. And the remarkably unpleasant thought flashed upon me that I was driving down under the dipping bush. But a spasmodic jerk from Tyncker brought me to the top once more, and as I gasped for breath I heard his voice:

"Shift for yourself—catch hold of the bush—I'm going!"

I caught the branches as high up as possible and got a glance behind me. Tyncker was not only going—he was gone, diving down under the bush, having sacrificed himself to keep me from a like fate. [illegible]

I saw his [illegible] [illegible]aring beneath the water; I heard the despairing cry of Kitty from the bank, and letting go my own hold with one hand I thrust down and caught the poor fellow's collar and turned a remarkably wild eye to the onlookers.

The old gentleman was helplessly shouting and running to and fro, but I saw his niece rapidly unknotting from her waist that heavy scarf of gold which she had worn all day. Then, like a flash of fire in the sunlight, one end leaped out at me. Well thrown! The embroidered fringe fell across the branches and over my wrist. Quick as thought I had quitted my useless clutch on the yielding twigs, and with a convulsive leap in the water had got a double turn of the scarf about my wrist.

Of course I went under, but with a mind fully made up upon two points—that nothing but death should tear me from my hold upon that scarf—of course not!—and that if ever I was to be pulled out alive Tyncker should come too.

I don't know how long I held my breath—an age, I fancy, and then a rush of fire swept across my vision. I was gone—it struck me forcibly—a burning, exhilarating sensation in my throat, and the sound of a voice speaking, as it seemed, many miles away.

The voice drew close to me at a bound, and opening my eyes I saw some one stooping over me, brandy flask in hand and an expression of horror on his face. That expression instantly vanished as he caught my gaze.

"This one is all right, Kitty; he is coming round fast. Here, take the flask and give Tyncker some more brandy! Cheer up; he will be all right in a minute."

Some suspicious sounds in my immediate neighborhood caused me to turn my head feebly in the direction whence they were proceeding, and then I knew everything.

Of course! We had been in the river and had been pulled out again! For there, on his back, even as I lay on mine, lay Mr. Bob Tyncker, and on her knees beside him, bending low over his face, was Miss Kitty Dobson. And the golden scarf—sadly changed for the worse—lay midway between us.

One glance was sufficient to assure me that Mr. Bob Tyncker was nearly as far advanced on the road to recovery as I was myself, and that Miss Kitty held a most exalted opinion of his late exploit. They made a pretty picture.

But the old gentleman's face grew cloudy as he looked at it. He leaned over me in irritated silence, brandy flask in hand, and I thought it was time to speak.

"How are you, Dobson?" I said, with a faint smile. "I am afraid you don't recognize me in this draggled condition, but"——

"Why, so it is!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "It's Mildenhall! Why, how do you come to be down here? I say," he continued in a sort of stage whisper, and with a troubled look at the others, "I am very glad you have come. I'm half afraid, as it is, you are too late."

"Too late for what?" I asked, trying to sit up and presently succeeding.

"Why, that!" he whispered testily, and nodding his head in a disturbed way in the direction of the young people. "Man, don't you recollect that you were to have the first say in that sort of thing?"

"So I was," I rejoined, "and I will speak to Kitty at once."

"Good!" said Mr. Dobson, looking much relieved at my alacrity and calling the young lady. "Come here, Kitty; this gentleman here wants to speak to you. Mr. Mildenhall, Kitty," he explained grimly.

It was a very limp hand that I managed to get hold of and shake as heartily as I could.

"You see that I have lost no time in coming down to see you, Kitty," I said, holding her hand the while, and thinking it best to plunge at once in medias res. "You reach the age of 20 today, don't you?"

"Yes," said poor Kitty faintly, and trying feebly to get her hand away, but I still held on. "There is something in a certain will which concerns you and me. I want to talk to you about it."

"Yes?" whispered poor Miss Kitty, still more faintly and with another feeble and futile attempt to draw her hand from mine. "Would not some other time—when you are dry?"

"No, my dear," I said. "I would rather do it now. You are a very pretty girl and a very brave and clever one, and you have just saved my life with your scarf, as I realize very plainly, so that you will always hold a very dear place in my heart.

"And so I came to the conclusion"—I couldn't help pausing a moment to enjoy her consternation—"that I will have nothing more to do with you or your hand, however earnestly you may offer it to me"—letting it go at last. "I reject you entirely and hand you over to that young villain—whom I hope to call my friend for the rest of my life—Mr. Bob Tyncker."—Temple Bar.

### A Long Sleep.

The longest continuous cataleptic sleep known to medical science was reported from Germany in the spring of 1892; the patient—a Silesian miner—having remained absolutely unconscious for a period of 4½ months. The doctors in attendance could not report anything in the way of symptoms which would suggest that there was something out of the ordinary in the man's slumbers, excepting a complete rigidity of the limbs. One peculiarity which was much commented upon was that the hair grew naturally during the whole of the extended nap, but his beard remained perfectly stationary and lifeless.—St. Louis Republic.

### Bostoniana.

Mamma—Now, dear, the doctor's gone, what can I do to amuse you?

Emerson (aged 5, wearily)—If you please, mother, I think I should like to go to sleep and reduce my temperature. (Fact.)—Vogue.


## MODERN MIRACLES.

CAREFUL AND COMPLETE INVESTIGATION BY A "JOURNAL" REPORTER.

**A Searching Inquiry as to Startling Statements Recently Published.**

[FROM THE ALBANY, N. Y. EVENING JOURNAL.]

A few days since, the *Times-Union* of this city published a remarkable letter, under the headline of "An Athens Miracle." The statements made were so unusual, and the interest occasioned so great, that an investigation by a *Journal* reporter seemed a necessity. The letter was that Mr. Lewis Clow of Athens, N. Y., had been stricken with kidney disease. The best of medical attendance was obtained, and failed to benefit him. While in this almost hopeless condition, he began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and it cured him; and furthermore, that there were other residents who had a similar experience.

To verify these statements and get what other information would be of interest to our readers, the *Journal* representative left Albany and soon found himself in the pretty village of Athens. It did not take long to satisfy the reporter that the statements of Mr. Clow were in every way true. The Rev. D. William Lawrence, pastor of the Lutheran Church, Postmaster True and Justice of the Peace Goeller, when asked about it, said that every word was true, to their knowledge. Mr. Clow was at death's door suffering with kidney trouble. The physicians failed to help him, and he was cured by the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy; also that Favorite Remedy had performed as marvellous a cure for Mrs. Casper Brooks, wife of the proprietor of the Robins House of that place.

Calling upon Mrs. Brooks, your reporter stated his mission, and Mrs. Brooks replied that she would be perfectly willing to tell all about her wonderful recovery.

"Yes," said she, "I had a hard fight for health, but Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy restored mine. My first trouble was ulcers of the womb, and they caused me the most intense pain and suffering. I consulted our regular physician, but he did not benefit me; in fact, I kept growing worse. My kidneys were getting very much diseased, and this combination of troubles was almost unbearable. At my husband's suggestion, I consulted physicians at Albany, Hudson, and Chatham, and took their medicines and prescriptions faithfully, but found no benefit. You can imagine my terrible condition at this time, after employing five of the best physicians, all to no purpose; but at this dark hour a ray of light broke in upon me. Dr. Wm. Smith, of Jewett Heights, was recommended, and it is to him I owe my good health, for it was Dr. Smith who prescribed Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for me. I purchased a bottle and commenced taking it, and began to feel better and kept improving daily, the ulcers healed up, and my kidney trouble left me entirely. My case was greatly complicated, and did not stop here; I suffered from those terrible headaches so common among women, but I kept on taking Favorite Remedy, and am now entirely free from these diseases.

"I am told that I have a tumor that cannot be cured unless I go to a hospital, but I think Favorite Remedy will in time cure that. I have been so well for the past few months," said Mrs. Brooks, with a smile on her face, "that I do nearly all the work about the hotel, and am getting along with about one-half the help we used to employ. I certainly don't want to pose as a miracle, but what else could you call my recovery?"

Such a straightforward statement convinced the *Journal* reporter that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was certainly a godsend to the sick and suffering.

Hundreds of people in and about Athens are conversant with the facts of these cases. In speaking to Mr. Horton, the well-known druggist of that place, he said: "Oh, yes, we sell quantities of Favorite Remedy. Why, there's Joseph McGiffert, William Mackey, Martin Hallenbeck, Casper Hallenbeck, Mrs. Robert Tiffany, and many others, say that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is worth its weight in gold."

The investigations of the *Journal* reporter admit of but one conclusion: that as this great medicine is within the reach of all, it should be used by those who are suffering from rheumatism, dyspepsia, biliousness, kidney, liver and urinary troubles. It will correct the worst cases of habitual constipation, is a certain cure for the diseases and weaknesses of women, particularly those that originate in change of life. It cures scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, eczema, ulcers, sores and tumors, gravel, diabetes or Bright's disease. Favorite Remedy is acknowledged by the medical profession as nature's antidote for uric acid.

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### TWILIGHT.

[illegible] pale sky—serene and autumn cold,
[illegible] floats the moon, and crescent silver keen
[illegible]ough luminous far drawn spaces faintly
[illegible]reen.
[illegible]or one long, low, lingering streak of gold.
[illegible]ists the hushed and supine land enfold
[illegible]illin the winding little river's sheen,
[illegible]re, darkly clustered, shadowy willows
[illegible]ean.
[illegible]hill and heavy lie on plain and wold,
[illegible] the daylight's eager voices fade,
[illegible] life is narrowed to a shrinking span,
[illegible]light breath of calm and peace and shade
[illegible] on the hot and restless heart of man,
[illegible]n individual hopes and fears set free,
[illegible]et touch from out the unknown is laid
[illegible] thought of compassing eternity!
—Cornhill Magazine.

### An Exception to Nature's Laws.

[illegible]cording to the general laws of na[illegible] when a body is cooled it becomes [illegible]ier than when it is hot. There is [illegible]ast one exception to this rule, and [illegible] is in the case of water. Now, be[illegible] you read further, shut your eyes [illegible]see if you can figure out just exact[illegible]w important this exception is to [illegible]anity. Cool a can or other vessel [illegible]ater from, say, 70 degrees down to [illegible]egrees and then pour it into a tub [illegible]water the temperature of which is [illegible]place between 50 and 80 degrees. [illegible] will notice that the cold water [illegible] immediately sink to the bottom, [illegible]right here is an explanation of the [illegible]tery of river and lake circulation. [illegible] when your cooling process goes be[illegible]39 degrees, strange as it may seem, [illegible]water becomes lighter than it was [illegible]n it was only one or two degrees [illegible]mer, and if poured into a tub heated [illegible]rected above will stay on top or im[illegible]iately rise to that position. Now, [illegible]s suppose that water continued to [illegible] heavier as it got colder, as other [illegible]es do; what would happen? Ice as [illegible] as it formed would sink to the [illegible]om, layer upon layer, and in this [illegible] seas, lakes and rivers would be [illegible]en solid. But one freezing would [illegible]r all time, as the rays of the sun [illegible]ld not penetrate the thin skim of [illegible] summer water to a sufficient depth [illegible]haw the rigid mass. For us it is [illegible]unate that there are "exceptions to [illegible]rules."—St. Louis Republic.

### Treatment For Wounds.

[illegible]r. Eichler, in the "Aerzt, Prakt," [illegible]ocates Peru balsam as a dressing [illegible]ich causes lacerated wounds to heal [illegible]ckly, its points of adaptation being [illegible] it adheres well and covers the en[illegible] surface of the wounds; it has a [illegible]ing effect, but stimulates granula[illegible]s, and following application a scab [illegible]ormed under which healing goes on. [illegible] Eichler states that its use is especial[illegible]indicated in the treatment of wounds [illegible]ing a tendency to marked suppura[illegible] or partial gangrene, and in in[illegible]ies of the hands and fingers the re[illegible]s are excellent. In practice, after [illegible]ptition of the margins of the wound, [illegible] Peru balsam is poured over the en[illegible] surface, which is then covered with [illegible] layers of gauze moistened with [illegible]sam and an ordinary dressing. The [illegible]er may be left in place for several [illegible]s, though it is an advantage to re[illegible]e the outer dressing daily and [illegible]sten the gauze with the balsam [illegible]hout removing it from the wound. [illegible] New York Tribune.

### Maori Women.

The Maori women are a potent factor [illegible] island life and must not be forgot[illegible]. Liquid dark eyes, soft voices, af[illegible]tionate and merry dispositions, light [illegible]own skins of ivory smoothness and [illegible]cefulness in every movement are [illegible]ir most striking characteristics. Sel[illegible]m are they to be seen in a passion, [illegible]d not a single "cuss word" for man [illegible] woman is to be found in the vocabu[illegible]y of this charming people. In the [illegible]st furious rage they can only call [illegible]h other cat, bullock, dog, goat, sheep [illegible] pig. The most deadly is wild duck, [illegible]plying a child whom nobody will [illegible]n.—Fortnightly Review.

### Chewing Gum and Mal de Mer.

An English woman has made a dis[illegible]very which she communicates to a [illegible]agazine as follows: "I wonder how [illegible] is we know nothing of the wonderful [illegible]merica chewing gum as a remedy [illegible]ainst seasickness. The other day, [illegible]hen crossing the terrible silver streak, [illegible] American lady kindly offered me a [illegible]ece which she had obtained in New [illegible]ork. It was of a wafery looking con[illegible]tency, flavored with pepsin, and it [illegible]rried me safely over from Dover to [illegible]alais with perfect comfort."

### Cumulative Proof.

A—I tell you, a year ago, we had 19 [illegible]grees of frost in Berlin.

B—Why, that isn't worth talking [illegible]out; here in Dresden we have had as [illegible]nch as 30 degrees.

A—Thirty degrees? Nonsense!

B—It's perfectly correct—15 in the [illegible]ew Town and 15 in the Old Town.—[illegible]umoristisches.

The prisons of Morocco are the worst [illegible] the world. No care or attention [illegible]hatever is given to the prisoners. [illegible]hey are left dependent on their friends [illegible]r food, and if they have no friends [illegible]e government provides only a bit of [illegible]read or a handful of grain daily to [illegible]eep them alive.

A man was arraigned in a London [illegible]urt for creating a nuisance by play[illegible]g a bagpipe. The court ruled that [illegible]e bagpipe is a musical instrument, [illegible]d he went scot free. Whether or not [illegible]e decision is a musical one is a ques[illegible]on.

Twelve steel plates from designs for [illegible]lustrations to "Pickwick," made near[illegible] half a century ago by Onwhyn, have [illegible]een discovered in London, and prints [illegible]om them have been published.

Dr. Boyd, at one time surgeon on the [illegible]ity of Rome, says in The Lancet that [illegible]dministrations of chlorbrom and at[illegible]ention to diet will insure the passenger [illegible]mmunity from seasickness.

The interest on the public debt of [illegible]e United States approximates $100 [illegible]er minute.